Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face:
And cries aloud,—*Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!*
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;
As in this glorious and well-fought field
We kept together in our chivalry!
Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:
He smil'd me in the face, raught[8] me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says,—Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love[9].
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd:
But I had not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears[1].

« —raught—] i. e. reached. See vol. iv. p. 355, n. 1. STEEVENS.

9 A TESTAMENT of NOBLE-ending love.] So the folio. The quarto reads:

*** *An argument of never-ending love.*" MALONE.

[1] BUT all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—And all &c. *But* has here the force of—But *that.* MALONE.

This thought is apparently copied by Milton, Paradise Lost, book ix.:

"----compassion quell'd
His best of man, *and gave him up to tears*"

STEEVENS.

Dryden also, in All for Love, Act I. has the same expression:

" Look, Emperor, this is no common dew
V I have not wept this forty years ; but now
te *My mother comes afresh into my eyes .*
** I cannot help her softness."
REED.